THE PARSON's Daughter.

A TALE.

For the Use of pretty GIRLS with small FORTUNES.

——— facilis discensus Averni
Sed revocare Gradus ———
Hoc Opus hic Labor est. Virg.

To which are added,

EPIGRAMS, and the COURT BALLAD,

By Mr. POPE.

From correct COPIES.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Harris* near St. *James's Bagnio*. 1717.

Price Six Pence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Parson's Daughter, A TALE.

CLOE, a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her;
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And *David*'s Psalms by Heart could say;

Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;
Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
At any Mortal's Interceſſion:
Was caution'd never to be idle,
But either Work, or Read the *Bible*.
(Thus was ſhe often told her Duty,
The old Man knowing her a Beauty
With little Money, which the more
Expos'd her to become a Whore.)
No Pains were ſpar'd to make her good:
But, ah! how frail is Fleſh and Blood,
When to the wide World left alone,
No Will to follow, but its own?
For tho' ſhe promis'd very fair,
While underneath her Father's Care,

Yet ſhe, as ſoon as *Dad* was dead,
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*;
Reſolving ſtrait to be a Bride,
And taſte of Pleaſures yet untry'd;
But ſtill intends to guard her Honour,
Whatever Longings are upon her;
Having been taught, that Fornication
Is a great Sin, tho' much in Faſhion.
With this Deſign, to Town ſhe came,
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;
Nelly! of all her Sex the worſt;
Nelly! by Hundreds daily curſt,
Whom ſhe by Artifice had won,
To ſell themſelves, and be undone.
(But ere we any farther go,
'Tis fit her Character to ſhow.)

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;
To Men unbound, or bound by Vows,
She'll give a first or second Spouse,
Without th' intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worse or Better.

She has a ruby shining Face,
Which some may think th' Effect of Grace;
As *M——s*, when the most enlighten'd,
So much the more his Visage brighten'd;
For she can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,
That doubtless That must be the best,
Which with most Ease will make her blest;

That

That where Indulgences are giv'n,
Is ſure the neareſt Way to Heav'n.

Oh! happy thoſe, who in a Trice
Thus free themſelves of ev'ry Vice;
Can ſin a-freſh, and run o' Score,
And reckon for what's paſt no more.
With *Origen* ſhe hopes Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation;
But Whores, and Rogues, and Bawds ſhall be
Bleſſed to all Eternity.
Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Faſting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, ſpite of Fate,
Muſt enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' becauſe her Deeds are evil,
And ſhe loves Darkneſs like a Devil,
Yet will ſhe light her little † *Sodom*,
The ‖ Tenth of *June*, from Top to Bottom;
Wiſhing to ſee the Diſſolution
Of all our Laws and Conſtitution;
For if this Government ſhould ceaſe,
She will be ſure to Bawd in Peace;
Knowing there will be Toleration
For Whoreing in a Popiſh Nation.

She loves *Sachev'rell* at her Heart,
And never fails to take his Part;
Blindly

† *Like to* Sodom *for its Wickedneſs.*
‖ Pretender's *Birth-day.*

Blindly believes whate'er he ſaid,
More than the *Teſtament* or *Creed*;
Thinks him the Church's beſt Support,
Tho' *Prieſt* and *Punk* care equal for't.

She prov'd that Pimping was no Shame,
For *S—h* pimp'd for *A——m*;
That Inceſt is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L—t* careſs'd his Daughter;
That Whoreing is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Uſe is made;
And that it can be no Abuſe,
To put Things to their proper Uſe.

With *Cloe* ſoon ſhe got acquainted,
And all her former Virtues tainted;

Taking

Taking Advantage of her Want,
She often to her thus would cant;
What, tho' all such as cannot Tarry,
Rather than Burn, are bid to Marry,
Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
But those who lawfully come by't,
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,
If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
To have and hold during her Life.
It seems but Reason good, therefore,
Rather than Burn, to play the Whore:
This Talent to our Sex, kind Heav'n,
To be made Use off, sure has giv'n.
Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
That have improved it the most;

Not

Not like a Nun ſhut up in Abby,
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by;
For doubtleſs, to conceal one's Light
Under a Buſhel, is not right.
Then, as St. *Paul* ſays, (mind the Letter)
Thoſe who don't marry, *do what's better*;
Which plainly muſt ſome *Act* imply,
I ſee no Reaſon to deny.
The Action you will gueſs with Eaſe,
'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you pleaſe,

Then prithee, *Cloe*, be adviſ'd;
Good Offers ſhould not be deſpis'd;
A preſent Settlement accept,
And where's the Harm of being kept?

That *Norwich* Crape and humble Pattin,
You'll change for Coach and Gown of Sattin,
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
Ah! why ſhould ſo divine a Creature
Neglect the choiceſt Gift of Nature?

Too eaſy *Cloe* quickly proves
Perſwaded to the Thing ſhe loves;
Thought all was Reaſon *Nelly* ſaid,
And Folly ſtill to live a Maid;
When ſhe might purchaſe Wealth and Pleaſure
By parting with a uſeleſs Treaſure;
She ſoon forgets to ſay her Pray'rs,
And learns to practiſe Coquet Airs;

Hates

Hates Sermons, which in former Days
She lov'd as Prudes do bawdy Plays;
Left of the Reading heavy Chapters,
And only reliſh'd melting Raptures,
Such as ſhe met with in Romances,
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances;
And now upon her Toilet's ſeen
A *Rocheſter* and *Aretine*;
The Work of *Ovid*'s am'rous Pen
She reads, admires, and reads again,
Thinking it would more uſeful prove,
To ſtudy his ſoft *Art of Love*,
Than what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
Three or four thouſand Years ago.

The gilded Proſpect gay appears,
And ſeems to promiſe happy Years;
A thouſand Pleaſures fill her Mind,
Nor ſees ſhe Want and Shame behind;
Conſiders not with how much Haſte
Her Youth and blooming Beauty waſte;
That when the Date of Charms are out,
The Wheel of Fortune turns about,
And thoſe who were at firſt but poor,
Leaves often lower than before;
Which ſhe at laſt experienc'd true,
(Her happy Days, alas! were few)
Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
No more her faded Charms entice;
She in her Summer took no Care
For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;

There-

Therefore when dropt by keeping Cullies,
Became a Prey to needy Bullies;
And now in Allies Centry ſtands,
To get a Living with her *Hands*;
She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
Which pinching Poverty and Care,
Poxes and Time, have fixed there.

She that when young would bluſh to hear
A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
Will now talk Bawdy with the beſt,
And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jeſt;
She that was once as juſt as any,
Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
And then, to ſilence ſharp Remorſe
For what is paſt, or fear of worſe, She

She finds a Way that's moſt effectual,
And drowns her Senſes intellectual.

MORAL.

FRom hence let Females learn to ſhun
Thoſe Wiles which *Cloe* have undone;
Not to be fool'd by promis'd Bliſs,
Of fancy'd Joys, and Happineſs.
Sin is but ſlightly varniſh'd o'er;
Rather be virtuous, tho' poor;
For ſuch a Wonder's rarely ſhown,
As a lewd Woman honeſt grown.

So when a River's rapid Courſe
O'erflows its Banks with mighty Force,
Then all Endeavours are in vain,
To turn it to its Bounds again.

THE

THE Court Ballad.

By Mr. POPE.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, &c.

I.

TO one fair Lady out of Court,
And two fair Ladies in,
Who think the *Turk* * and *Pope* † a Sport,
And Wit and Love no Sin;
Come,

* *The little* Turk. † *The Author.*

Come, theſe ſoft Lines, with nothing ſtiff in,
To *B—ll—ne*, *Le P—lle*, and *G—ff—n*.
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What paſſes in the dark third Row,
And what behind the Scene,
Couches and crippled Chairs I know,
And Garrets hung with Green;
I know the Swing of ſinful Hack,
Where many Damſels cry Alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Court ſhou'd I repair,
Where's ſuch ado with *T——d*,
To hear each Mortal ſtamp and ſwear,
And ev'ry Speech with *Zouns* end;

To

To hear 'em rail at honeſt *S——d*,
And raſhly blame the Realm of *Blunderland*.*
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like *S——z*, I cannot Pun,
Like *C——n* court the *Germans*;
Tell *P—k—n—g* how ſlim ſhe's grown,
Like *M——d——ws* run to Sermons;
To Court ambitious Men may roam,
But I and *Marlbro'* ſtay at Home.
With a fa, la, la.

* Ireland.

V.

In Truth, by what I can discern,
Of Courtiers 'twixt you Three,
Some Wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than *Gay* or Me:
Perhaps in Time you'll leave high Diet,
To sup with us on Milk and Quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At *Leicester-Fields*, a House full high,
With Door all painted Green,
Where Ribbons wave upon the Tye,
(A *Milliner* I mean;)
There may you meet us Three to Three,
For *Gay* can well make Two of me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII. But

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the Prudiſh Itch,
And each become a Coward,
Bring ſometimes with you Lady *R—h*,
And ſometimes Miſtreſs *H—d*;
For Virgins to keep Chaſte, muſt go
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.

With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair Maids, my Ballad ends;
God ſend the King ſafe Landing,
And make all honeſt Ladies Friends
To Armies that are ſtanding;
Preſerve the Limits of theſe Nations,
And take off Ladies Limitations.

With a fa, la, la.

EPIGRAMS,

Occasion'd by an

INVITATION

TO

COURT.

I.

IN the *Lines* that you sent, are the *Muses* and *Graces*;

You have the *Nine* in your *Wit*, and *Three* in your *Faces*.

II. They

II.

They may talk of the *Goddesses* in *Ida* Vales,
But *you* ſhow your *Wit*, whereas *they* ſhow'd their *Tails*.

III.

You *B—n—ne*, *G—ff—n*, and little *La P—ll*,
By G—d you all lie like the D—l in Hell;
To ſay that at Court there's a Dearth of all *Wit*,
And ſend what *A—le*, would he *write*, might have *writ*.

IV.

Adam had fallen twice, if for an Apple
The D—l had brought him *B—n—ne* and *La P—ll*.

V. On

VI.

On Sunday at Six, in the Street that's call'd
Gerrard,
You may meet the *Two Champions* who are no
Lord *S—d*.

VI.

They say *A—D*'s a Wit, for what?
For writing? no, ——— for writing not.

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FINIS.